

WALKER  
The Warlock of the Glen

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THE  
WARLOCK OF THE GLEN.

A Melo-Drama,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

C. E. WALKER, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

THE TRAGEDY OF WALLACE — CASWALLON — &C.

WITH

ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE  
BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY  
MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER  
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

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BOSTON:  
WILLIAM V. SPENCER,  
128 WASHINGTON STREET, (CORNER OF WATER,) AND  
92 TREMONT STREET.

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

CLANRONALD, (usurping Laird of Glencairn,) .....  
 ADELBERT, (the rightful Heir, his Infant Nephew,) .....  
 MATTHEW, (rightful Laird of Glencairn, under the disguise of the Warlock of the Glen,) .....  
 ANDREW, (a Fisherman,) .....  
 SANDIE, (a Peasant,) .....  
 MURDOCK, { (two Ruffians in the interest of Glen-  
 RUTHVEN, } cairn,) .....  
 DONALD, .....  
 ALLEN, .....  
 ADELA, (Countess of Glencairn, and Mother of Adelbert,) .....  
 MARIAN, (Wife to Sandie,) .....  
 MAUSE, (Mother to Sandie,) .....  
 Peasants, Vassals, &c.

### Covent Garden, London.

Mr. Conner  
 Master Boden  
 Mr. Albott  
 " Farley  
 " Blanchard  
 " Jelleries  
 " Comer  
 " Atkins  
 .....  
 Mrs. Faucit  
 Miss Beaumont  
 Mrs. Sterling

### National, Boston, 1815.

Mr. J. G. Cartlitch  
 Master J. Johnson  
 Mr. C. R. Thorne  
 " G. G. Spear  
 " S. D. Johnson  
 " Morton  
 " McFarland  
 " J. H. Ring  
 .....  
 Mrs. C. R. Thorne  
 Miss Parker  
 Mrs. J. H. Ring

### National, Boston, 1816.

Mr. J. G. Cartlitch  
 Master Ring  
 Mr. E. Eddy  
 " G. G. Spear  
 " C. K. Fox  
 " McMillen  
 " Cushman  
 " Mitchell  
 " T. Watson  
 .....  
 Mrs. Woodward  
 Miss Parker  
 Mrs. J. H. Ring

### National, New York, 1833.

Mr. Aiken  
 .....  
 " J. H. Allen  
 " C. W. Taylor  
 " C. K. Fox  
 " McMillen  
 " Cushman  
 " Mitchell  
 " T. Watson  
 .....  
 Mrs. H. F. Nichols  
 Miss McWilliams  
 Mrs. Wray

TIME OF ACTION, about twelve hours.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION. — One hour and fifteen minutes.

## COSTUME.

CLANRONALD. — Scotch armor dress; scarf; fleshings; sandals; broadsword, &c.

(19) THE WARLOCK. — *First Dress.* Ragged Scotch jacket; trunks; belt; fleshings; sandals; long red wig and beard; large cloak and high rustic stick. — *Second Dress.* Handsome tunic; black tights; boots; dark wig.

ADELBERT. — Scotch dress; fleshings; sandals and scarf.

ANDREW. — Fisherman's rough blue jacket; Scotch kilt; high boots, and striped cap or plaid bonnet.

SANDIE. — Scotch peasant's dress.

MURDOCK and RUTHVEN. — Robbers' armor dresses, with Scotch scarfs and bonnets.

DONALD. — Scotch peasant's dress.

ADELA. — Handsome Scotch dress.

MARIAN. — Scotch peasant's dress.

MAUSE. — Old woman's Scotch dress.

# THE WARLOCK OF THE GLEN.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Narrow Creek of the Sea, 4 G. Fisherman's hut, 2 E. R. H., D. practical; set waters and ground pieces cross in front; set return rock, R. H. 3 E., with platform; set return rock with platform on L. H.; fishermen discovered hanging up nets on hut, R. H.*

### CHORUS.

Free from sorrow, free from strife,  
We fishers lead a merry life;  
Though coarse our fare, though hard our toil,  
No cares intrude our peace to spoil.  
Contentment in each face appears,  
Contentment every bosom cheers;  
Then sing, boys, sing — sing hey down derry;  
O, a fisherman's life is merry!

(*Boat appears from R. H. to C.; fishermen exeunt, R. and L., whilst ANDREW, who has been engaged in drawing up nets with DAVIE, paddles to shore.*)

*And.* Nae luck, nae luck, Davie, this east; and sae we'll e'en gie ower, and haul up the auld cable to land. (*He leaps out, hauls the boat to land, and assists DAVIE to hang up the nets.*) Past one o' the clock, and the lovers na' returned frae the kirk. Aweel, they'll be here anon; for ye ken we are to have a wee bit of junketting and merry-making upon the occasion. Aha, Davie! it does a body muckle gude to see the winsome bairns frolicking around ye, in aw the sunshine of youth and innocence. Ye ken, mon, our days are ower; lang syne, indeed, there was never a Highlander in aw the bonny set o' them would hae surpassed Andrew Mucklestane. Aweel, I maun to gang wash a wee bit. Thae auld rotten deals, like their master, are somewhat warped wi' the wind and the sea, and maun be repaired o' necessity again the evening tide. There, ye may take the rest o' the tackle wi' ye: 'twill dry well enough within. (*Exit DAVIE into the hut, 2 E. R. H. ANDREW takes a hammer and busies himself repairing the boat, at the same time humming a Scotch ballad.*)

O thou — whatever title suit thee,  
 Auld Satan, Hornie, Nick, or Clootie,  
 Wha in yon cavern, grim and sooty,  
     Cloud under hatches ;  
 Spanges about the brimstone cootie,  
     To scaud poor wratches.

(*The WARLOCK enters down platform, 3 E. L. H., unperceived. His appearance bespeaks the most abject poverty ; his garments, composed of tattered plaids, are carelessly thrown around him, his hair, long and thin, falls over his face, which, together with a matted beard and bushy eyebrows, renders his appearance most terrific ; he advances towards ANDREW, and, leaning on a long staff, gazes attentively at him ; ANDREW, unconscious of being observed, continues his work and his song, till, accidentally turning round, he sees the WARLOCK bending over him, and starts back.*) Nay, sure! — yes, but it is. Why, Mattie, how the de'il — What does your coming hither portend?

War. (L. C.) Woe to the house of Gleneairn!

And. Mair's the pity. For d'ye ken what a heavy dispensation's hanging ower the house already?

War. I do. The Laird Clanronald usurps the birthright of his infant nephew, and, to scure it, woos his brother's widow.

And. Ah, puir leddy! it's a sair change wi' her nowadays; she niver held up the head o' her sin' her laird's departure for the wars, where he fell among the slain.

War. He fell not in the wars, but by the assassin's steel on his return.

And. True, it was sae whispered; but nobody knew when or where: sure enough there weir nae witness.

War. There was a witness! — I myself beheld the deed!

And. You! — You a witness! — O, my conscience, Mattie, I believe ye ha' to do wi' Satan. Indeed, folks do say, ye have mair dealings wi' him than mere words — else how for do ye come by that siller, which o' times ye are sae lavish wi'? Aweel, it's nae affair o' mine; only ye'll do me the justice to say I niver received ony o' it; for ye ken I minded the auld proverb which saith, "What's got ower the devil's back, is spent under his belly." (*Crosses to R. H. corner; a distant strain of music is heard, U. E. L. H., with marriage bells, &c.; the WARLOCK starts, and is going, L. H.*) How now, Mattie? Whither awa? — It's nae but the chieks returning fra' the wedding.

War. Then must I not be seen. My business is with you alone. Come hither! (*Beckoning him authoritatively.*) You must promise — nay, swear — to meet me to-night upon the moor, by the ruins of the abbey, as the castle clock shall toll the hour of twelve.

And. Meet you on the muir! — Mercy o' me, I'd as soon think of meeting auld Nick! for ye ken that said twelve o' the clock, inasmuch as it is midnight, is an awfu' time to meet sic a gaburlunzie as the likes o' you; and particularly when a third, and far less agreeable companion than yourself, Mattie — I speak in respect of Satan — might pop upon us and claim acquaintanceship.

War. (*In a commanding tone.*) Then mark my words, for surely

as I speak, shall it befall you! — Ne'er shall you know an hour of peace; your boats shall be wrecked; your house, and all that it contains, burned to the ground; yourself, reduced to beggary, wander an outcast from your native land, and call on death in vain to ease your pangs, if you obey not my injunctions. Mark me! I've said it, and I've sworn it! — I, Matthew of the Glen, that ne'er was known to break my word!

*And.* Haud your clavers, for the love o' gudeness, Mattie. You terrify me. Yet, what for should I fear? The de'il can't ha' any reasonable claim upon me; and as to his imps, and the likes o' them, I'm sure sma' pleasure can it gie to skelp and warry a puir man like me: therefore I'll meet you.

*War.* Swear!

*And.* (*Proudly.*) I've said it — ye hae my word — a Highlander's word — be satisfied. (*Exit into hut, R. H. 2 E.*)

*War.* Enough — I'll trust you. (*Music, agitato, 8 bars; he then ascends the rock, R. H.; waving his staff, disappears, R. H. 3 E.; lively Scotch music.*)

*Enter Highland lads and lasses, decorated with favors, over platform, 3 E. L. H., dancing, preceding SANDIE and MARIAN. Re-enter ANDREW from hut, R. H. 2. E. — Crosses to C.*

#### CHORUS.

Gayly, sweetly breathe the flute,  
Tip it lightly o'er the ground;  
Strike the tabor, sound the lute,  
Dance a merry, merry round.  
Hail the bridegroom, hail the fair,  
Hail the happy wedded pair.

*Mar.* But if, false, you should deceive me,  
Think what anguish would be mine;

*San.* I'll be ever true, believe me,  
Ever constant, ever thine.  
Hail the bridegroom, hail the fair,  
Hail the happy wedded pair.

*San.* (*L. e.*) Well, here we are, Master Mucklestane, fast as the kirk can make us; as happy and handsome a couple as ever plighted faith.

*And.* (*C.*) Aha, my bonny bairn, gie ye joy! (*Shaking his hand.*) By your leave, bonny lassie. (*Saluting her.*) Welcome, chiefs, welcome. But ye dinna ken what an unco strange visitor I hae had; nae less a personage than "Mat o' the Glen!"

*All.* "Mat o' the Glen!"

*San.* Has that awful gaberlunzie appeared again? For certain, his coming bodes no good.

*And.* O' my conscience, ye may weel say sac. But ye'll be the mair surprised when I tell ye he appointed me to be — (*At this moment the WARLOCK, wrapped in a large cloak, who had mingled with*

*the throng on entrance, comes down, R. H., crosses ANDREW, exclaiming, "Silent!" and disappears, 2 E. L. H., unobserved by the rest.)* When he appointed me to be—"silent." (*Terrified.*) It wa' himself. Wha but him! wha but him!

*San.* But who, Andrew?

*And.* The—the—de'il, I believe; and now it's out. (*All laugh.*)

*San.* Why, the man looks for all the world as though he had seen a bogle.

*And.* Whisht!—hae a care o' yoursel—he's within hearing.

*San.* He!—Whom do you mean?

*And.* (*Recovering himself.*) O, naebody, naebody—I was but communing wi' mysel. But come, ye dinna forget the dance, sirs! The music, there! the music!—Strike up, Donald, and foot it lightly. (*Music, Scotch reel. Towards the conclusion the COUNTESS ADELA screams without, 3 E. L. H., and enters, bearing her child in her arms, descends the rock, 3 E. L. H., and rushes into the midst; the music and dance pause abruptly.*)

*Coun.* (c.) O, save me, save me!—Protect my child!

*Mar.* (l. c.) 'Tis the Countess of Glencairn. I know her well; she, who, they say, through grief for her lost lord, became distracted.

*Coun.* Distracted! O, credit not the vile reports of sinful men, invented for the worst of purposes! attribute not a mother's terrors to the wild ravings of a disordered mind. I am not mad. This is my child I hold—my child that they would tear from me, and murder. O Heaven, I am too sensible of my unhappy state!

*And.* (r. c.) Unfortunate ledly! What can we do for ye?—auld Andrew speaks to ye—he wha has ken'd ye in fair weather and in foul; and wha niver wull desert ye while this gude arm can wield a claymore.

*Coun.* Men of Glencairn, I call upon you as a mistress—as a mother! Behold this boy, your late revered master's son—the rightful heir of Glencairn. I call upon you to protect him!—O! save him from his unnatural uncle, who, not content with usurpation, would stamp his claims to these dominions in blood—the heart's blood of this infant.

*And.* Ah, my dear ledly, an we had as gude power as we hae gude will and gude cause; but ye ken the laird's unco potent, and, I fear me, might claim a right o' guardianship ower the bairn; and, in that case——

*Coun.* A right of guardianship! He!—the usurper!—Sooner would I plunge the boy into the roaring tide—sooner consign him to the mercy of the waves than to his savage uncle's power. Andrew, you once were foremost in zeal to the house of Glencairn; then—O, if still you have the heart, the courage to assist your master's wife, exert it now. My father's castle stands but three leagues hence; could I reach it, the doors would open to proteet me. What need of words? Your fishing boat would be a secret and secure conveyance. Will you—O, will you aid a fallen wretch like me, whose means accord not with her wishes to reward you?

*And.* Reward! What, for an act o' duty? Ledly, I hae but little phrase wi' me; but this I maun say, that he wha will na' lend



a helping hand to a leddy in distress may wear the form o' a mon, but maun hae the heart o' a demon.

*Coun.* Generous man! accept a mother's thanks.

*And.* Come, neebors, disperse yoursels, each to his ain hame, and look ye keep close counsel about what ye hae heard; for, ye ken, it's ill o' the vassal's mouth that betrays the bread it eats.

*San.* (L. H.) Never fear: we know our duty, and will abide by it. Come along, Marian. (*Music. Excunt SANDIE, MARIAN, and peasants, over platform, 3 E. R. H.*)

*And.* Come, my pretty bairn, and only let me see the stoutest he will hurt a hair belonging to ye, while auld Andrew can wag a finger in your defence.

*Reënter SANDIE, over platform, 3 E. L. H.*

*San.* Andrew! Maister Andrew —

*And.* How now? What the de'il ails ye? Canna ye speak, mon?

*San.* There are two of the laird's black-visaged gentry coming along the beach: I ken them from the rocks. — Should they be in pursuit of the countess —

*Coun.* (*Snatching her child.*) O, yes! I know them well — the agents of the fell Clanronald's power! — Whither can I fly?

*And.* I hae it; betake yourself to the wood, and make your way as secretly as ye can to the eastern cliff; in an hour hence my boat shall be in readiness. Sandie will be your guide: he knows the way fu' weel.

*San.* Ay, that I do, uncle; and a precious abode of unclean spirits it is. But never fear; I'll bring you safely through, in spite of all the hobgoblins, bogles, and worriecows in Christendom.

*And.* That's a bra'e lad. Ha! they are here! — Make haste, my bonny leddy, for the love o' gudeness; I will manage to detain them. (*Music. The COUNTESS, attended by SANDIE, hurries out with the child, R. H. 1 E., while ANDREW appears as if busily engaged with his nets, R. H. 2 E.*)

*Enter RUTHVEN and MURDOCK, over platform, L. H. 3 E.*

*Ruth.* I am certain she must have passed this way.

*Mur.* Let us question the fisherman; he may know something.

*Ruth.* Hollo, old fellow! (*Going up, R. H., and slapping him on the back.*)

*And.* Fellow! — familiar enough at first sight, methinks. What want ye wi' Andrew Mucklestane? (*Comes forward, c.*)

*Ruth.* (R. H.) We want a lady that —

*And.* Ye want a leddy; aweel, mon, I canna satisfy ye. (*Crosses to R. H.*)

*Mur.* (L. H.) An unfortunate maniac, that contrived this morning to elude the vigilance of her keepers.

*And.* (R. H.) Hoot awa! that wa' niver a fault o' mine. What

for do ye tax me, mon? Ye dinna tak' it into your stupid heads that I ha' run off wi' a lunatic?

*Mur.* (L. H.) No, no, friend; but we suspect that you have given her concealment. Answer; have you not seen such a person as we describe pass this way? Answer, or tremble at the consequence. Know you not whence we come?

*And.* Ay, as weel as I do know where ye'll gang one day or anither. But be ye laird or loon, gentle or simple, I'll just tell ye I'm na minded to let my tongue bring me into trouble.

*Mur.* Indeed! Then we'll make so bold as to search your cottage. (*They are proceeding to the hut, R. H. 2 E., when ANDREW, seizing an oar, stations himself before the door.*)

*And.* Hauld, aback! or, by St. Andrew, my respectable namesake, I'll make sae bold as to dismiss ye — and wi' shirts fu' o' sair banes into the bargain.

*Enter CLANRONALD and two vassals, over platform, L. H. 3 E.*

*Clan.* How now! — my officers threatened! Slave, retire — nor dare to oppose my servants in the performance of their duty.

*And.* The laird! — then I maun yield to necessity. I ken my distance, and never shall it be said o' Andrew Mucklestane, he forgot his duty to the house o' Glencairn. (*He retires; CLANRONALD waves his hand to RUTHVEN and MURDOCK, who enter the hut, R. H. 2 E., followed by ANDREW.*)

*Clan.* Confusion! to be thus baffled by a woman! frustrated in all my deep-laid schemes of aggrandizement! What boots it to have crushed the serpent, if the young adder still survive to sting my future peace? Yet wherefore should I rack my soul with fears? They cannot long escape me; and once more in my power, some means shall soon be found to make the lady mine. What though she scorns my offers — force shall effect my purpose.

*ReEnter RUTHVEN and MURDOCK from hut, R. H. 2 E.*

No welcome tidings yet? — 'tis very strange. Perchance she may have sought the forest, as promising the best concealment. Follow me instantly; I swear never to know a moment's rest till these accursed fugitives be found. (*Exit, L. H. 3 E., followed by vassals.*)

*ReEnter ANDREW from hut, R. H. 2 E.*

*And.* Ah, gang thy ways — auld Beelzebub will claw ye at last. Puir leddy! I maunna forget ye! na, na; let aw the warld desert ye, auld Andrew will stand by ye, sink or swim. (*Music. Leaps into boat, and pushes from shore.*)

SCENE II. — *A Romantic Glen, 2 G., amid the rocks, in front of which is a cavern, L. H., in flat, concealed by overhanging brambles; bank on R. H. C.; lights half down.*

*Enter DONALD and ALLEN, L. H. 1 E., bearing a basket of provisions, flagon, &c.*

*Allen.* See, this is the spot, and there the cave where he is supposed to dwell — so place the provisions at the entrance, and away. I would not have him find us loitering here for all the good things we have brought to appease him. (*Puts basket down on C.*)

*Don.* Tut, man! he has no power to harm honest folk like us; here has he dwelt six long years, and never injured mortal man that I ever heard of. 'Tis as well to speak respectfully of him, in case he should overhear.

*Allen.* Why, you won't pretend to deny that he has dealings with evil spirits, brings blight upon the corn, and murrain among the cattle; nay, and I'll warrant me, had a hand in the death of our good laird, who disappeared in such a strange manner, just about the time this Mattie was first seen.

*Don.* Pooh — nonsense! don't believe a word of it. For my part, I can't see what folks have to fear in him; I dare swear he is a civil-spoken sort of a body, after all.

*Allen.* Hark! I hear footsteps — he's coming! Run, run, fellow!

*Don.* (*Frightened.*) Coming! you don't say so!

*Allen.* Why, you seem alarmed: he has no power over honest folks, you know?

*Don.* Ay, very true; but we are none of us perfect, you know. At any rate, I'm off. (*Music. Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

*Enter SANDIE and the COUNTESS, with her child, 1 E. R. H.*

*San.* Nay, bear up, madam — we must be near the cliff.

*Coun.* No more, I can no more: my wearied feet refuse their office, and exhausted nature sinks within me.

*San.* Then sit a while upon this bank, and recruit your strength.

*Coun.* Rest here, my precious burden. (*COUNTESS and child sit on bank, R. H.*) O, while you remain to me I am not wholly wretched. Thou heir to all thy father's loveliness, mayst thou inherit, too, his wondrous virtues.

*Adel.* Dear mother, I'm sadly hungry.

*San.* Say you so? (*Looking round.*) Eh! as I live, a basket of provisions and a flagon of wine. Egad, this is rare luck!

*Coun.* Mysterious Providence! Some unknown supplies our wants.

*San.* O, ay — some unknown! Madam, madam! do not eat for your life! This is the Warlock's cave — we had better be gone.

*Coun.* In sooth, not yet. It could be no unkind spirit has sent us these. There, my child. (*Giving food.*)

*San.* O madam, you don't know their tricks; what if it should be poisoned? Why, odds life, you won't eat? Ey, now if I dared — there's nobody by — so here goes. (*Sits down on R. H. near bank, and cats.*) I' faith, it's excellent; here, my little dear, take a sup of this — it will warm your little heart. What! you won't? Then I will. (*Drinks.*) Egad, your spirits live daintily. Rhenish, as I'm a judge.

*Coun.* Where are your fears now, Sandie?

*San.* (*Drinking.*) Going — going — gone! (*turns the flagon topsy-turvy,*) quite gone! By my valor, I feel as bold as a lion. Let 'em come on — a whole legion of spirits — damme if I budge.

*Adel.* How coldly the wind blows around us!

*Coun.* Say'st thou, my child? — then, perchance, this cavern will afford us shelter. (*They cross, L. H., towards the cave.*)

*War.* (*Without, behind cave, L. F.*) Back! back!

*San.* (*Starting up.*) Heaven help us! What voice was that?

*Coun.* It issued from the cavern!

*War.* (*Within, L. F.*) Who dares disturb the solitude of the Warlock?

*San.* The Warlock! (*Trembling.*) O, dear! O, dear! — then it is all up with us. (*Music. The WARLOCK darts from the cave, L. F., and starts at beholding the COUNTESS.*)

*War.* Ha! a woman!

*Coun.* (*R. H. C.*) Yes, and a mother. As thou art human, let that word disarm thee of the power to harm us.

*War.* (*To SANDIE.*) And who art thou?

*San.* (*R. H., falling on his knees.*) A miserable wretch, not worth your notice. O, spare me! spare me! for I am just married!

*War.* Fly hence! begone!

*San.* With all the pleasure in life! (*He runs out, R. H. 1 E.*)

*Coun.* What may this mean? Nay, do not tremble so, my child.

*War.* Thy child! thine! Ha! let me look upon him. (*He grasps the child with fervor.*)

*Coun.* O Heaven! what would you do?

*Adel.* Do not fear, mother! I'm sure he will not harm me.

*War.* Harm you! not for worlds; or if I did, it could be but with kindness. (*Then relaxing his hold.*) There — take him — tear him from me, while yet these arms can loose their hold, or my heart burst in the struggle!

*Coun.* Alas! unhappy man! his wits are crazed!

*War.* Not so! I know thee well — thee and thy sorrows. Adela of Glencairn, dangers beset you — guilt is busy to confound you. But fear not — for I will protect you. In the hour of peril, when all other earthly means have failed, call upon me — I will be near to help thee. I, Matthew of the Glen, who never was known to break my word!

*Coun.* Thanks, thanks! Come, my child, let us proceed. O, surely, Heaven will look down with pity, and save this innocent from the fell grasp of his pursuers! Generous man, adieu!

(*Music. Exit with the child, R. H. 1 E.*)

*War.* (*Gazing intently after them.*) They take the way towards

the cliff. Now, I may follow unseen and unsuspected. O nature ! yet, yet a little ; bear me up to raise the fallen and confound the guilty.

(*Music. Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

SCENE III. — *View of the Sea and Rocky Shore, 7 G. On R. H. 4 E. a huge cliff, with platform, which projects into the water ; set return rock on R. H. ; set return rock on L. H. ; three rows set waters cross, and ground pieces ; lights down. Music.*

*Enter the COUNTESS, leading her child, L. H. 3 E.*

*Coun.* This is the place ! Cheer up, my lovely babe ; our toils are passed. There stands the cliff, from whose dizzy height so oft, in happy years, I have gazed upon the fearful deep. (*Looks towards the sea.*) It must be past the time Andrew appointed — he said an hour : surely he meant not to deceive us ! Ah, no ! I know him well ; the good old man could never play a faithless part : he will be here anon.

*Ruth.* (*Without, U. E. L., distant.*) Hollo !

*Coun.* What noise was that ? (*She listens fearfully.*) O, 'twas but the wave dashing against the shore. A mother's terrors imagine danger in every passing breeze.

*Ruth.* (*Without, L. H. U. E., louder.*) Hollo !

*Coun.* Gracious Heaven ! surely that was more than fancy ! I heard voices !

*Clan.* (*Without, L. H.*) To the cliff ! search among the rocks.

*Coun.* O Heavens ! my pursuers ! (*Music. She catches up the child, and, staggering to rock, R. H., falls exhausted against it.*)

*Enter CLANRONALD, RUTHVEN, and MURDOCK, L. H. 3 E.*

*Clan.* Ha, madam ! have I discovered you ? Now tear the child from her embrace. (*She screams, and elings to the infant ; they advance to take it, when, at the moment, the WARLOCK appears on the cliff, R. H., and waves them back ; tableau.*)

*War.* (*R. H.*) Forbear !

*Clan.* (*L. H.*) Who dares to dictate to Clanronald ?

*War.* I dare ! I, Matthew of the Glen !

*Clan.* Insolent ! think you the superstitious tales of peasants have any influence on me ? Mummery all ! Retire, or dread my anger !

*War.* Ha ! dost thou menace, and dare to doubt the power that I possess to awe the guilty ? Then mark, and let thy stubborn soul shrink in the dread conviction of my truth, while I proclaim thee "fratricide !" Is not thy nature satiate with blood ? (*Thunder.*) Beware ! the wrath of Heaven hangs over thee — tempt not its vengeance further. (*He disappears ; CLANRONALD remains petrified for a time, till, recovering his self-command, he exclaims, in a tone of determined authority,*) —

*Clan.* Why look ye idly on ? Has that weird madman's words made statues of you ? Seize the child, I say.

*Coun.* Stand off ! approach me not ! my griefs have made me

desperate! You dare not tear him from me! Dare not? O, no! you will not — you could not do it! If 'tis his wealth you covet, take it all — enjoy it, if you can, so you but spare his life! The scene I have just witnessed shall never be revealed; I and my child will fly to some distant land, and never return to trouble you.

*Clan.* How passing fair is supplicating woman!

*Coun.* (*Starting indignantly from the ground.*) Ha! do you mock my sufferings? Man, I have borne much — Heaven truly knows how much! But pause ere you inflict a wound beyond a mother's power to endure! (*With dignity.*) Dare to divide me from my child, and I denounce you to the world — a murderer!

*Clan.* These are the frantic exclamations of a maniac! (*Seizing the child, and throwing him to L. H.*) There, fellows, take the boy; away with him to the castle.

*Adel.* O mother! mother! save me from these wicked men.

(*Exit MURDOCK with child, L. H. 2 E.*)

*Coun.* I come, my child! I follow you! (*Endeavors to pass CLANRONALD; she is overcome by despair, and falls exhausted; CLANRONALD raises her; the COUNTESS, recovering, endeavors feebly to escape.*)

*Clan.* Nay, lady, your efforts are in vain.

*Coun.* Off, monster! — murderer! Let me pass. (*Looking round, she misses the boy, and gives a loud scream.*) My child! — Gone! — forever gone! — O, horrible! My husband — and my infant, too — both dead! — murdered by thy bloody hand! — But there's a way left yet! Thus I escape from you! (*Music. She breaks from his hold, and rushes out, R. H. 2 E., followed by RUTHVEN; she reappears upon the cliff, R. H. 4 E., and plunges into the water. At this moment ANDREW is seen in his fishing boat, making towards the cliff, from L. H. 4 E.; WARLOCK enters from R. H. 4 E.*)

## TABLEAU.

WARLOCK,  
on cliff, R. H. 4 E.

Boat, with  
ANDREW and COUNTESS.

CLANRONALD.

*Quick drop.*

R. H.

L. H.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Interior of a Cottage, 2 G. Table set for supper on L. C. ; lamp on table ; one rustic chair on R. C. ; three stools on L. ; D. F. C., practical, backed by dark wood ; thunder, lightning, and rain.*

SANDIE, MARIAN, and MAUSE discovered at supper table on L. H.

## GLEE.

Mar. Hark !

San. Hark !

Mar. The wind, with sullen roar,  
Resounds along the troubled shore.

All. O, 'tis a fearful night !

San. And now the thunder rends the air,  
And flickering lightnings flame and flare.

All. A hideous, horrid sight.

Mar. Hear !

San. Hear !

Was ever such a dreadful din ?

The storm will beat the casement in.

San. and Mar. Good mother, do not fear ;  
The casement's strong, the door is fast ;  
Its strength defies the blast ;

Good mother, do not fear. (*Thunder and lightning.*)

Mau. Merey on us, what a night is this ! it blows, rains, thunders, and lightens enough to blow in the casement. Heaven help the poor countess !

San. Ah, I'll warrant me you may spare your prayers, good mother ! — by this time she's past all earthly help. Why, to judge by his looks, " Mat o' the Glen " wouldn't make above a meal of her !

Mau. The voracious eormorant !

Mar. Why, you don't think he devoured her, Sandie ?

San. Ah, that did he, I'll be bound for him. It wasn't for nothing he sent me out of the way.

Mau. Depend upon it, children, this is an awful season ; have I not heard creaking noises all night ? and the owl screech, and the raven croak ? and sic like unnatural bodements ? My life on't, the devil is going his rounds. Heaven shield us from his unwholesome clutch !

Mar. But go on, good mother — you were telling us of the poor Laird of Glencairn.

Mau. Very true. (*They sit.*) Ay, it's just now six years ago, last Candlemas, that he took leave of his lady, and left his home for the wars, whence, poor man, he was never fated to return.

Mar. And what is it supposed became of him ?

Mau. O, you may well ask ; but nobody can answer that. It was



given out, indeed, he fell in the field of battle, while some go so far as to say he was privately set upon and murdered.

*Mar.* Murdered!

*San.* And was it not suspected that ——

*Mau.* Whisht! My bairn, speak lower, for walls have ears now-adays. True, it was suspected that the present laird —— (*A loud clap of thunder.*) Mercy on us! what a hurly-burly was there!

*And.* (*Without, D. F.*) Hollo!

*San.* Hush! Didn't I hear a voice?

*Mau.* Listen!

*San.* No: it must have been the thunder as it died away. Go on, good mother. (*The cottage door is shaken.*) Again! (*All frightened.*) What can it be?

*Mar.* A gust of wind that shook the old oaken door — that's all. (*They sit down, and draw their stools closer to one another.*)

*Mau.* Well, as I was saying, the murdered laird —— (*A violent thumping at the door, accompanied with thunder and lightning.*) O, it's his ghost! — it's his ghost! I saw the old picture that hangs over the chimney shake; and that's a sure bodement. O, I shall faint! — I know I shall!

*And.* (*Without.*) Open the door!

*San.* Ah! you may hollo till you are hoarse; you'll find no entrance here, unless it's through the keyhole. (*The door is burst open, with a loud crash, and ANDREW enters door in flat, c., bearing the COUNTESS; all scream.*)

*Mar.* 'Tis my uncle! — 'tis Andrew!

*San.* (*Recovering.*) Good faith, so it is. — A woman too!

*And.* Ay, a woman! — it's nae the first I hae had in my arms, that let me tell ye. Gie us a chair, wull ye? (*They give him a chair — he places the COUNTESS upon it.*)

*Mar.* Heavens! — the countess! — and dripping wet!

*And.* Aweel, lassie, ye'll nae be fashed o' that neither, when I tell ye she's but just emerged frae the sea.

*Mau.* Pray tell us! — I long to hear how it all came about.

*And.* Dinna ye ask, woman — dinna ye ask; but I fear she was flying frae cruel, wicked men.

*San.* O Mattie! Mattie! this is your handy work!

*Mar.* Then where is the child?

*And.* The child! (*He starts and appears violently agitated.*) Did you say the child? (*With a look of frenzy he clasps his hands together, exclaiming,*) Gone! lost and gone! — I hae left him struggling in the waves! (*He throws himself on a stool, leans his head on the table, and appears overcome with grief; they go up to him.*)

*Mar.* (*Crosses to him.*) Andrew! dear uncle! be pacified.

*And.* (*Repelling.*) Be quiet, will ye? — be quiet. — I tell ye I hae murdered him! I loved him better than my ain heart's bluid, and I hae murdered him!

*Mar.* Do not take on so — do not think of it!

*And.* Nae think o' it? But I maun think o' it. What can I tell his mither when she comes to hersel, and asks me for her bairn? How — how can I answer her? O, this auld heart, that hae weathered out



sae mony a gale, maun find this tug too much ! Yet what for do I stand clavering here ? I'll seek for him, gin he war fifty fathom deep ; I'll pluck him frae the waves, and —— (*He is rushing out, when WARLOCK, without, exclaims, behind flat,*) Andrew Mucklestane ! the clock has struck ! (*All start.*)

*Mau.* St. Bridget defend us ! That was no earthly voice !

*And.* It is — it's Mattie ! Ah, he'll gie me speerings o' the bairn ! Coming, Mattie ! — coming ! (*He rushes out, D. F. C.*)

*Mar.* Follow him, for Heaven's sake, Sandie ! — he knows not what he does.

*San.* Follow him — follow a madman ! — odds flesh ! that's sooner said than done. I'll see the road he takes, however, if that will please you. (*Exit door in flat, c.*)

*Mau.* Come ye hither, child ; the lady's coming to herself. (*The COUNTESS opens her eyes, but, fixes them on vacancy.*)

*Mar.* How terrible she looks ! Lady, dear lady, do you not know us ?

*Coun.* Know you ? — Yes — you are the murderers of my child. But he is in heaven now, where you can never reach him.

*Mau.* Poor, insensible thing ! — her wits are clean gone.

*Coun.* See ! he stretches out his little arms to me — he smiles on me — his smile was ever beautiful ! I come to you, my child. Why do you hold me down ? — 'Tis cruel to keep me from my babe. (*SANDIE rushes in from door in flat, c.*)

*San.* Here's a business !

*Mau.* Why, what's the matter, Sandie ?

*San.* The laird ! — the laird !

*Mar.* What of him ?

*San.* He's coming with a whole troop at his heels ! — the countess will be carried from us.

*Mau.* We shall be all murdered ! — Come this way, my lady. (*Endeavoring to lead her off — she resists.*)

*Coun.* No, I will meet him.

*Enter CLANRONALD, RUTHVEN, MURDOCK, and two vassals from D. F. C., bearing torches.*

*Clan.* Behold the object of our search in a peasant's cottage ! — Quick ! — secure her !

*Coun.* Ha ! — Fratricide ! Dost thou dare to tear him from me ? Where is my child ! — my child ! — thou infant-murderer ? (*Her strength fails, and she falls into the arms of RUTHVEN.*)

*Clan.* Convey her to the castle instantly, and prepare the nuptial rites — this very hour shall our marriage be consummated. — (*Aside.*) Murdock, to you I give the charge to see the brat safely disposed of. You may throw him beneath the ruins of the abbey ; there let him moulder beneath his father's bones. Away ! (*MURDOCK bows assent, and CLANRONALD, with his train, bearing the COUNTESS, exeunt through D. F. C.*)

*San.* Poor, dear lady ! my heart aches for her, doomed to the arms of such a bear.

*Mau.* A bear ! — a Hottentot ! Ugh !

*San.* Well, I'll e'en follow to the castle; for, hap what will, I must see the end of it. (*Exeunt MAUSE and MARIAN, R. H. 2 E.*)

SCENE II. — *The Moor, 5 G., by midnight. On R. H. 3 E. the ruins of an abbey, surrounded by a few withered trees; the wind is heard at intervals, and the thunder as dying away in the distance; lights down.*

*Enter ANDREW, U. E. L. H., fearfully looking round him.*

*And.* Mattie! Mattie! — what for dinna ye answer me, mon? Is it creditable, think ye, to invite folk to meet ye in your ain drawing room, as it were, and after aw, na appear to bid 'em welcome? (*The bell, shaken by the wind, tolls.*) Wha gangs there? — speak! Ye had better, (*drawing his hanger,*) or, by the ward of a Highlander, ye sall niver wag the saucy tongue o' ye again. What a goustie place is this! — ony company war preferable to this dreadful stillness. Why, Mattie! I say — canny Mattie! bonny Mattie! where, i' the name of all the bogles and worriccows, hae ye betaken yoursel? (*The WARLOCK steals on, 2 E. L. H., unobserved by ANDREW.*)

*War.* Peace! I charge you.

*And.* Sac ye are come at last! But what gars ye glow'r a hint ye o' that gate? — Ye hae na' brought wi' ye ony companion, it is to be hoped.

*War.* Murder is abroad!

*And.* (*Trembling.*) Mur—mur—der! Ye dinna say sae! For the love of gudeness, dinna mak' geer o' me. — Ye terrify me, Mattie!

*War.* They come this way — the demons! Retire! conceal yourself among the ruins!

*And.* Demons coming this way! — My certes, Mattie, tak' me wi' ye — ye're preferable to a demon ony day o' the week. (*They retire behind the ruins, 3 E. R. H.*)

*Enter RUTHVEN and MURDOCK, L. H. 2 E., bearing the child, wrapped in a large cloak.*

*Mar.* This is the place — beneath those stones rots the father's body. Come, Ruthven, despatch. (*They remove the cloak, and set down the child.*)

*Adel.* Where are you taking me? all is so dark around.

*Ruth.* Are you frightened, boy?

*Adel.* I should be, were I not going to my mother. Pray, let us make haste — this is such a frightful place.

*Mur.* Pshaw! we trifle time. Come, Ruthven, draw your poniard, while I go scoop a grave among the rubbish.

*Ruth.* By Heaven! he elings to me in confidence. I cannot harm him!

*Mur.* What! have you scruples? Pshaw! away with them! What beholds us?

*War.* (*From beneath the abbey, R. H. 3 E.*) The eye of Heaven!

*Ruth.* Some one spoke! Would I were quit of this.

*Mur.* Fancy, all.

*Ruth.* It might have been; but, as I'm a living man, it seemed the warning of Glencairn!

*Mur.* Coward! Art thou afraid of ghosts?

*Ruth.* I know not how it is, but my nature revolts from killing a child.

*Adel.* You certainly do not mean to kill me! — and yet you look so frowningly. Pray do not hurt me! (*Kneeling.*)

*Ruth.* In faith, I cannot.

*Mur.* Away, then, thou slave to conscience! leave me to do the job; but expect not to share in the reward.

*Ruth.* Leave you to the full reward? — never! This to prevent it. (*He seizes the child, and is preparing to plunge the poniard into him, when ANDREW rushes out, exclaiming,*) —

*And.* By all my fears, it is my leddy's bairn! Hae at ye baith, ye precious pair of villains! (*Music. He attacks them furiously, and drives them off, L. H. 2 E. At this instant the WARLOCK darts from the ruins, snatches up the child, and exclaiming, "Mine! mine!" rushes out, R. H. 3 E.*)

*Reënter ANDREW, 2 E. L. H.*

Ye hae gotten it now, or I hae mistaken my weapon — a decent wame fu' o' steel. And now for the bairn; gude faith, how pleased his mither wul be! Come, my little dear! (*Turns round.*) Ha, gane! then Mattie has gotten his claws on him. Mattie! for the love of gudeness, mon, dinna harm the child! Mattie! Mattie! Mattie! (*Music. Exit, 2 E. R. H.*)

SCENE III. — *Another Part of the Moor, 1 G. Lights down.*

*Enter ANDREW, 1 E. R. H., in a disconsolate attitude.*

*And.* It's aw' in vain! the de'il a blink hae I had o' him; he is gane — gane forever! sac I'll niver waste my een with greeting; I'll bear it as an auld seaman oocht. (*Wiping his eyes.*) Pshaw! this hulk is rotten, and the salt water oozes through in spite o' me. (*Leaning against a tree, then starting up.*) Would I could see this Mattie once again — but once! and if ever I took these bull dogs frae his ill-boding throat till I had shaken aw' the breath out o' his auld farrant carcass, say I'm nae Highlander.

*Enter the WARLOCK, 1 E. L. H.*

*War.* (*Strikes his staff on the ground.*) What would you with the Warlock of the Glen?

*And.* Ha, you here! Tell me, where is the boy? Nae, niver bend

your scornfu' eyes o' me; I'd speak my mind, gin you were twice as frightfu', and that's na' in nature. — Speak! tell me what hae ye done wi' the bairn; or I'll wring it frae your saul, ye unearthly mortal.

*War.* Be satisfied — the boy is safe!

*And.* But does he live? only tell me that he lives.

*War.* He still lives.

*And.* Bless ye — bless ye! (*He is overcome by joy, and falls at the WARLOCK'S feet.*) Mattie, ye have brought me to my knees. I niver thought to hae bent sae low to mortal man, much less to — but I hae done! Mattie, ye hae ta'en a load o' anguish off frae my heart, and mony thanks to ye for the favor.

*War.* (*Aside.*) I can resist no longer! (*Then with the tone of his voice and manner altered.*) Rise, Andrew, rise, and hear me! Whom dost thou think I am? I know thou say'st, "The Warlock! a weird recluse;" but look upon me. (*Removing his hair, &c.*) Andrew! hast thou forgotten Glencairn?

*And.* Alive! — nae, sure! Yes, but it is! — my een dinna deceive me — it is the laird himsel! (*Kneels.*)

*War.* My poor, faithful servant!

*And.* But he's alive! — I hae him! I touch him! O, my auld heart will burst! But the Countess — the bairn! the — ha! — her — her — you, Mattie!

*War.* Yes, Andrew, for these six long years, beneath the garb of misery, have I dragged out a wretched being. Such were the terms imposed on me by the repentant who preserved my life.

*And.* Your life?

*War.* Even so. When the fell poniard of a villain brother struck me to the earth, his myrmidon, commissioned to entomb my body, discovered the vital spark was not extinct within me, and with a soul less hardened than his master's, removed me to a cave, where, day by day, I gained fresh strength; and he there extorted, as the price of life, an oath that I would never to mortal man reveal myself, till he should be no more; that oath I have kept inviolate, till yesterday, stung by remorse for all his numerous sins, the wretch expired, and freed me from restraint.

*And.* O, happy day! — 'Then ye'll return amang us?

*War.* I shall return to claim again my long-lost rights; but we must proceed with caution. Will you assist me?

*And.* With my life.

*War.* The knowledge of a secret entrance to the castle will aid my purpose well; thither we must proceed without delay; for I have hatched a scheme, which, if I err not, shall confound the guilty, even in the fulness of their triumph. Come — but the child is safe, is safe. Come!

(*Exeunt, L. H. 1 E.*)

SCENE IV. — *Interior of a Gothic Chapel, 3 and 5 G., brilliantly illuminated. Large C. door, practical, backed with altar lighted and steps; music.*

*Enter CLANRONALD, RUTHVEN, MURDOCK, and servants, 1 E. L. H.*

*Clan.* Ay — this looks well; these nuptial torches blaze with becoming splendor. Quick! lead the countess hither. (*Exeunt RUTHVEN and MURDOCK, R. H. 1 E.*) Now, now, Clanronald, thou hast arrived at fortune's pinnacle! — But by what means? No matter — let dotards shrink at the qualms of conscience; I spurn at its dominion. (*A strain of music is heard, R. H.*) Ha! that peal proclaims my bride's approach! — She comes to crown my dearest wishes. (*Music, forte.*)

*Enter the COUNTESS, 1 E. R. H., with RUTHVEN and MURDOCK, attended by ladies.*

This is well, madam! I am joyed to find that reason has assumed its sway, and you no longer shrink from the calls of love.

*Coun.* Deceive not thyself, Clanronald. I swear before these witnesses, who will record my words, never to pronounce vows that bind me to a murderer!

*Clan.* I'll hear no more! — force shall effect — this way to the altar. (*Dragging her to the C. doors — she struggles.*)

*Coun.* Just Heaven! is there no help? — no hope? Ha, (*with a sudden burst of recollection,*) I call upon the Warlock of the Glen!

*Clan.* Indeed! — Let him appear to save thee, if he can. (*He has, by this time, reached the folding doors, when they open suddenly; the altar is discovered illuminated, before which stands the WARLOCK; CLANRONALD looses his hold of the COUNTESS, and staggers back, L. H.; all express amazement; tableau.*) Wherefore art thou here?

*War.* To tell thee thou hast filled up the measure of thy guilt! Thy murdered victims cry for justice on thee! Villain!

*Clan.* I will not hear thee! Hoa, there! — seize that vile impostor! (*MURDOCK and RUTHVEN, R. H., advance to seize him; the WARLOCK waves them back.*)

*War.* Stand off! — (*To CLANRONALD on L. H.*) Obdurate! dost thou still doubt my power? — Then will I raise a witness thou canst not, dar'st not question. Behold! (*throwing off the WARLOCK habit, and appearing in his proper character*) thy brother! (*CLANRONALD is thunderstruck; the COUNTESS, with a scream of joy, rushes into the arms of her husband.*)

*Glen.* My wife! — my Adela!

*Clan.* Ha! do the dead rise against me? Could not the grave withhold its prey? Why — why is this? I struck him to the earth! Thou shalt not triumph! — this dagger failed me once, but now — (*Attempts to stab GLENCAIRN, but is disarmed by the COUNTESS.*)

*Glen.* Hold thy desperate hand! and rather, by repentance, seek atonement and forgiveness for thy crimes.

(*Exeunt CLANRONALD and two vassals, 1 E. L. H.*)

*Enter ANDREW with the child, L. H. 3 E.*

*And.* Stand ye back, there! — I hae gotten him, and I'll gie him to his mither mysel.

*Coun.* My husband and my child, too, alive! both alive! Just Heaven, I thank thee! (*Music. She sinks on her knees; GLENCAIRN bends over her.*)

RUTHVEN.

ANDREW,  
*with child in his arms.*

VASSALS.

MURDOCK.

VASSALS.

LADIES.

ADELA. GLENCAIRN.

R. H.

L. H.

CURTAIN.

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